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THE TREE OF PROSPERITY.

PARKER. — Seems to me that needs pruning.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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IT is evident from the fact that he has accepted a nomination for the Presidency that Mr. Roosevelt has not appreciated the personal value of a Candidacy for Imperial honors such as PUCK bespeaks for him. We think we can show him at least one of the advantages of our proposition in a very few words.



Let us take for instance that most vigorous letter of acceptance which a week or so ago he issued from the Theodhof at Oyster Baysdam. The chief note of that utterance was a cracking insistence upon the insincerity of his political enemies. The words sincerity and insincerity appear in that letter almost as many times as the Presidential I or the Imperial We—so many times in fact that attention is inevitably drawn to the writer's own credentials to harry his enemies on that particular point. Is he himself sincere or insincere? Is he himself without sin that he should cast the stone at others who either offend or seem to offend? As a Candidate for Emperor, Mr. Roosevelt would not have to answer such a question because in the very nature of his quest it would make no difference whether he were sincere or not. He would simply, in asking people to make him Emperor, by evincing an Imperial disregard for right or wrong show himself the more fitted for that which he asks them to bestow. The King can do no wrong and the doing of a deed right or wrong becomes right by the very act of his doing it. But how different the case becomes when the doer of the deed asks to be made not the master but the servant of the people. Truculence which would be admirable in a Caesar, becomes impossible in the manner of one who aspires to become merely the first citizen, and in saying that he aspires to Presidential honors rather than to Imperial the individual most concerned invites criticism which he might easily have avoided.

FOR EXAMPLE, in one paragraph of his essay on Sincerity Mr. Roosevelt says:

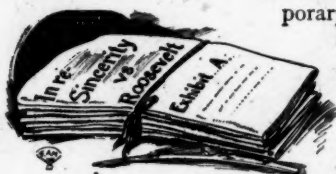
We believe in the gold standard as fixed by the usage and verdict of the business world and in a sound monetary system as matters of principle; as matters not of momentary political expediency, but of permanent organic policy.

This reads well, and if the memory of man were barred by some statute of limitations from going back more than a year or two for its refreshment the statement might stand the scrutiny to which under existing circumstances it is likely to be subjected. Unfortunately, however, there is no such statute, and until Mr. Roosevelt, or some one else, places it upon the books by Imperial decree there will be none such. Consequently it is quite conceivable that when he seeks to have his fellow-citizens clothe him with the livery of office instead of with the purple robes thereof, somebody will rise up and ask him if he does not know that such was not the belief of his party in 1896, when in its platform it declared for international bimetallism, the gold standard to continue only as a *modus vivendi* until such bimetallism could be secured. Would it not be awkward to his own pretensions to sincerity, if in pursuit of this idea he were to be asked if he did not know equally well that such was not the view of the Republican party in 1897, when it sent abroad an international commission consisting of two Republicans, Senator Wolcott and Charles Paine, and one Democrat, ex-Vice-President

Stevenson, to secure international action friendly to silver? What could he answer if some one, permitted by his practical denial of Imperial privilege to say anything he chooses to question him concerning his utterances and to hold him to some responsible account for what it has pleased him to give forth, should observe that when he announces that the Republican party has stood consistently for the gold standard, he is guilty of that same insincerity which in eighteen different places in his message of acceptance he deliberately imputes to the Democratic party, including at least one-half of the American people? What would he reply to one bold enough to ask him why he carefully overlooks the historical fact that the Wolcott commission made, with the authority of the Republican Administration of 1897, a proposition in which the French Government alone of all foreign nations joined, to open the mints of the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 15 1/2 to 1, provided Great Britain would agree to open the mints of India at the same ratio?—adding that the commission never even asked Great Britain to open her mints for such purpose, but on the contrary, expressed itself, on the authority of the Republican Administration, as satisfied, if Great Britain, in addition to opening the India mints, would agree to purchase some silver and issue notes to small amounts against it?



IN POINT of fact could he, no longer possessing the Imperial privilege of taking refuge behind Himself as an Untouchable Thing, successfully enter a specific or general denial of the possible statement of one who chose to crack a lance on the score of sincerity with him, that in 1897 we find the Republican Party promising Great Britain that if she will abandon the principle of the gold standard to the extent of passing a modified kind of Sherman law, the original disastrous model of which by the way was repealed through the wisdom of a Democratic Executive to avert absolute ruin and financial dishonor, the United States, arm in arm with India and France, will plunge headlong into the maelstrom of free silver? You may say, Mr. Roosevelt, that nobody at this late date is likely to ask these embarrassing questions and that PUCK in bringing them to your attention is merely trying to make trouble; but there you would err. The questions have already been asked by the correspondents of several journals of standing who, together with ourselves, do not wish to see a man of your imperial qualifications throwing himself away upon an office which were better occupied by men of different mould. Indeed, the hypothetical points we have advanced above are taken verbatim from an actual communication already published by an evening contemporary most of whose sanity is found in its correspondence columns. They are likely to come up again, together with your own views of 1896 on Bimetallism and certain of your own vigorous assertions as to the tariff and its effect upon prosperity so called, made less than a decade since. And all of them will inevitably become exhibits in the case of your own Sincerity, a criminal lack of which you have charged against your opponents. We fear your only way out of your present predicament is the announcement that your printers have erred, and have made you speak of Sincerity where all you meant was "Sagacity."



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HAD YOU been content with your candidacy for Emperor and thus to thine own self been true, the same questions might indeed have been asked, but your big stick, your temporary sceptre, brandished in the familiar way would have been a sufficient answer. As it is it will not suffice for an answer, and truly, O Imperious Master, truly you have brought it all upon yourself.

PUCK DOES not give up in the face of such miscarriage of his plans, however, and his ticket still stands:

FOR EMPEROR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OF NEW YORK.

FOR PRINCE IMPERIAL

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, OF INDIANA.

FOR PRESIDENT

ALTON BROOKS PARKER, OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS,
OF WEST VIRGINIA.





Monsieur d'en Brochette

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Synopsis of First Chapter.

Robert Gaston de Launay, Monsieur d'en Brochette, Count of Paté de Foie Gras has arrived in Paris

after a ten days' journey on horse-back and has breakfasted at the Café D'Oeuf, leaving his horse Gambetta outside, contrary to the usual custom of heroes of historical romance. He has nothing with which to pay his bill, and by killing the head waiter hopes to be ejected without settling for his score. This is such a commonplace incident in the Quartier Latin as to pass unnoticed, but an insult to his horse involves him in a quarrel with a beautiful unknown lady, who pays his bill, and leaves the café, giving him his own card as holding the name of her champion. Monsieur d'en Brochette starts in pursuit, but his horse having disappeared, his blind leap for Gambetta's back lands him in a heap in the middle of the Rue de June Fourteenth.

THE READER of these imperishable memoirs will recall that Chapter One left me lying on my back in the streets of Paris, a fraction of a kilometre from the doors of the Café D'Oeuf. For a moment, M'sieurs, I was stunned by the fall, but youth crushed to earth shall rise again, and presently I was on my feet, taking account of stock. Alas, the inventory was but a light one. I, Robert Gaston de Launay, Count Paté de Foie Gras and Marquis Presumptive of the Estates of Pollio Grille in Spain, was bereft of my card case and my beloved horse Gambetta; yet did I still have my health and my long sword and my family name that was longer still. Priceless possessions, with which I might conquer the world!

The loss of Gambetta (who, I afterward ascertained, had been corralled by *La Société pour Prévenir Cruauté d'Animals*) was swiftly repaired. A handsome red mare stood tethered before

the café. I scribbled my I. O. U. for the price of the beast, which I estimated at thirty francs, nailed the scrap of paper with my dagger to the café door, flung myself into the stirrups and galloped away, my bridle hand resting lightly on the pommel of my saddle.

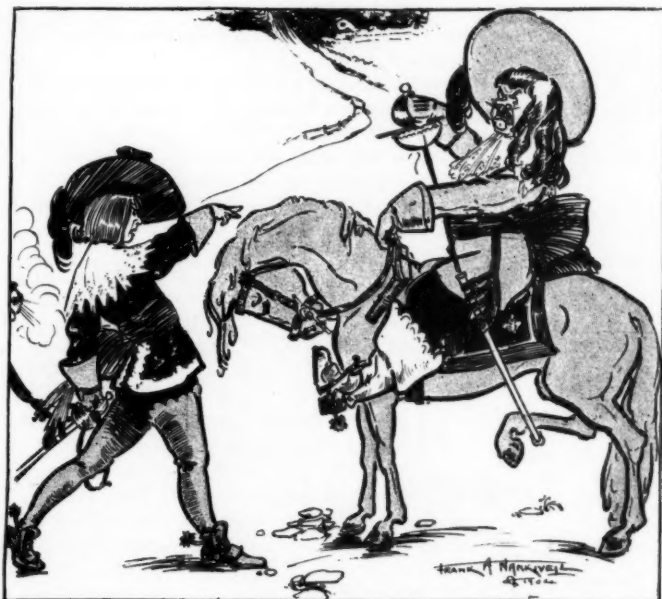
Parbleu! you exclaim. Why this detail? M'sieurs, I am particular to mention the disposition of my bridle hand, for had it not rested as I have described for you, the map of Europe would not be colored as it is to-day, nor would I, Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, etc., have — But *ma foi!* I am anticipating the last chapter. This, then, M'sieurs, is what befell: As I clattered down the long hill beyond Lyonnaise, ten leagues from Paris, my bridle hand in some manner pressed a spring in the saddle's pommel, and this, opening, disclosed a secret recess in which reposed a letter and a handful of banknotes. One glance at the inscription and all my wild Brochette blood surged madly to my brain; for the name was none other than that of the powerful Duke des Pommes de Terre au Gratin!

"*Diable!*" I murmured. "A conspiracy against the King! Count Paté de Foie Gras, your future is already made!"

A thud of hoofs behind me caused me to glance back, and I discerned a horseman dashing down the hill in a great cloud of dust. Drawing rein I awaited his approach with my customary *sang froid*, and presently found myself confronting a much agitated young man in blue velvet.

"My horse!" he cried, leveling a passionate finger at the red mare. "Rascal! My horse!"

"Not another franc," I returned firmly. For answer he flung my I. O. U. in my face. "S' death!" I roared, my temper giving away. "The paper of a Foie Gras has never before gone to protest. Draw, shrimp!"



"My horse!" he cried.

I leaped lightly to the ground, threw off my cloak and hat and unfastened my *pourpoint*, the young man in blue velvet following suit.

"M'sieur," I remarked, as I tested the edge of my blade on my thumb-nail, "I fancy a more secluded spot for this encounter, preferably one sheltered from the cold north wind by a high wall and screened from the vulgar observation of the passers-by. However, I observe you are in some haste, and myself am in some hurry to be gone, and so — have at you!"

The blades kissed sibilantly, and — poof! it was really nothing at all. Three passes and I had him spitted, and he expired almost instantly. Poor fool! to measure his feeble steel against the best swordsman in all France. I tossed the body into the bushes and went on my way.

I had killed the messenger to the Duke des Pommes de Terre au Gratin, and I, Count Paté de Foie Gras, was become the messenger. My course was plain. I should deliver the letter to the Duke, and thus become a part of the conspiracy. All else was as heaven willed.

But what of the beautiful blonde unknown who had viséed my breakfast bill at the Café D'Oeuf? In my haste to leave Paris I had for the nonce

forgotten her, but now the memory of her exquisite face swept over me a tidal wave of passion. A few hours before I was penniless; now — I tapped the banknotes in my pocket — I was ready money. Until I had repaid my divinity her trifling loan of two hundred and fifty-seven francs thirty centimes, not forgetting the *quartier* for Henry the affable *valet de place*, I could not, as a gentleman and a Brochette, declare my passion — a passion that flamed and crackled with every recollection of the details of her incomparable loveliness. For you must know, M'sieurs, that we of Brochette are as very tinder to the smiles of a beautiful woman. For two sous I would have abandoned the adventure into which fate had thrown me and returned to Paris; but one thing decided me to go on — I was enormously hungry, and the lights of Croquante were even now shooting out of the eastern dusk.

I flung into the Pousse Café, on the far edge of the village, with so much arrogance that the entire machinery of the place was instantly at my command. I was, as I have said, enormously hungry, and I had cached six capons, a shoulder of mutton and ten bottles of wine before I lifted my head from my work, attracted by the bustle of a fresh arrival in the street before the café. A *coupé* was drawn up at the curb, and from it alighted — *mon Dieu!* scarcely could I credit my eyes — the haughty blonde of the Café D'Oeuf! She was followed by a man of distinguished bearing and exceed-

ingly sour visage, who had a pretty trick of gnawing his under lip with his gleaming white teeth. I rose as the party entered the café, and with a sweeping bow, "Madame," I said, "it was your treat this morning. Permit me to set 'em back."

The lady drew herself up haughtily, then suddenly yielded to a tinkling merriment, while her companion rapped out an oath.



"I flung into the Pousse Café!"

PUCK

"*Ventre chat noir!*" said he.
"Who is your foolish friend?"

Before the lady could reply I
had flung the name full in his face:

"R-r-robert Gaston de Launay
Alphonse, Count Paté de Foie
Gras, and Marquis —
Shall I continue, M'sieur?"

"No—*ventre chat noir!* —
no," he bellowed, fishing out his
card case. "*Ma foi*, M'sieur,
your name is as long as your
nose." As he spoke he handed
me his card, and with difficulty I
repressed a start as I read:

"*Gaspard Henri Pierre, Duke
des Pommes de Terre au Gratin.
Thursdays, from 2 p. m. to quarter
past four.*"

"M'sieur is pleased to allude
to my nose," I said, twisting the
bit of pasteboard between my fin-
gers. "Monsieur will find my sword even longer."

"*Parbleu!* as you will," replied the Duke indifferently, putting on his hat.

"*Oh merci!*" sighed the lady with a pretty *moue*. "Cannot we dine first?
I am frightfully *affamé*."

"Business before pleasure, *chère Isabelle*," replied the Duke grumbling.
"Come, M'sieur!"

As I bowed and prepared to follow, a light hand on my arm detained me,
and I looked into the heavenly blue orbs of Isabelle.

"Beware the Duke, my brave Brochette," she whispered swiftly. "He is
un crackerjacque."

I pressed her hand and with a heart beating in wild joy followed my
adversary from the café.

The secluded spot chosen for the meeting was precisely to my fancy. A
high wall sheltered us from the cold north wind, and the ground was firm and
smooth. Every facility for a first-class encounter was present. The Duke's
countenance expressed the utmost indifference, whilst my own agitation pro-



"With an oath the Duke leaped back and blew a silver whistle."

ceeded wholly from the thrilling
handclasp of the beauteous Isabelle.

"*À la carte*, I suppose," I re-
marked carelessly. The Duke
bowed, with a bored expression,
and the supple rapiers joined.

The Duke ventured a small
order *à la carte*, but so swiftly did
I fill it that he was compelled to
throw himself back to avoid the
lightning play of my point. The
bored expression vanished from
his face, for at once he discerned
that he was up against it, as we of
Brochette have the saying. He
next essayed a thrust in tierce, and
as I met this as promptly I heard
him mutter between his set teeth:
"Tierce, idle tierce!"

As for myself I was never more
at mine ease. I was gay even, and
hummed a Provençal ballad as I

felt with my point for various parts of my adversary's anatomy. Seeing that I
was his master at fence he played his last card, the secret thrust of Girolamo of
Naples. I laughed as I parried it, for was it not I that had taught Girolamo the
stroke? With an oath the Duke leaped back and blew thrice upon a silver whistle.

"Traitor!" I cried, but got no farther. There was a rush of feet behind
me, a heavy blow descended on my head, and the subsequent proceedings
interested me no more.

When I was again able to sit up and take notice, I found myself in Cim-
merian darkness, the lower half of my body lying in water. Dazed though I
was, I was able to reflect that had the position of my body been reversed my
condition would have been even less satisfactory. I put out a hand and touched
a wall of stone, overgrown with moss.

"*Ma foi!*" I murmured, sizing up the unpleasant situation, "*ma foi!*
they have thrown me into a well!"

Next week, Chapter III.,

"In Which the Hero Gets Out of a Well and Into a Select Chateau."

WHICH?

THE LEADING LADY.—
Every time I walk along
the Rialto I meet half a
dozen managers who owe
me money.

THE INGENUE.—Back
salary or alimony?

FATE.

HE loved the beautiful
girl.

Nor was she on her part
insensible.

But they were strangers.

"I may not throw my-
self at her feet," groaned
he, to himself.

"I may not throw my-
self at his head," sighed
she, in her heart.

But the decree of
fate was writ. A mo-
ment later the car
turned a corner and,
with the same
lurch, threw him
at her feet
and her at
his head.

"Lovely
weather
we're hav-

ing," said he, retaining his presence of mind most admirably.

"Lovely," said she.

And they were married, and lived happily forever afterward.



FALSE PRETENSES.

"HOW was the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show, night before last?"
asked the washing-machine agent.

"Aw, cripes!" a trifle pessimistically replied the landlord of the
Pruntytown tavern. "On the bills they put up beforehand they
had pictures of Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe;
neither one of 'em was with the show, and it was a fraud in several
other respects."

MATERIAL LAVISHLY DISPLAYED.

ROBERT.—Do you believe that big ears are a sign of generosity?
RICHARD.—Sure; the generosity of nature.



IN THE JUNGLE.

THE TIGER.—Hey! You, down there! What are you
laughing at, anyhow?

THE CROCODILE.—Oh, I just thought of something!
Let's call the Cockatoo "Congressman"—he talks all the
time, and never says anything.

PUCK

A CROOKED SONG.

THERE WAS a crooked man,
And he swung a crooked deal,
And he made a crooked million
By a crooked little steal;

Then he took a crooked house
In a crooked thoroughfare,
And his crooked neighbors swore
That this crooked man was square;
So he hired a crooked pew
In a crooked little kirk,
And he crooked his little knees,
And got in his crooked work.

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE AUTOMOBILE ELOPEMENT.



It is the silent hour when churchyards yawn and spectres white hold carnival. Not a sound disturbs the peaceful night save the roadside cricket and the melancholy owl. But suddenly the deep stillness is broken. From somewhere in the black distance there comes a strange rumbling noise. Then red lamps gleam through the bushes like the orbs of an imp. A flash, a cloud of steam and a cumbersome object sweeps around the sandy bend like a locomotive. Within, a closely-veiled maiden peers anxiously through the gloom, while a beardless man presses a lever and clasps the bulb of a big red horn. Green lights flash in the valley.

Toot! Toot!

"Oh, Edwin, stop that horrid horn! Y-you will arouse the whole country."

"Can't help it, dear. I'll take no risks. The fine for running down a pig in this county is twenty dollars. You know if I had to pay that I would n't be able to buy you that box of chocolates when we reach Montreal."

"But we must use stealth. Father is not a mile behind."

"As if one could use stealth with an automobile."

Chug! Chug! Chug!

"What is it, Edwin? Not a breakdown, I hope."

"No; only getting up fresh speed. Confound that dog!"

"I guess he's barking at the moon."

"No; he is barking at us. Here he comes."

Toot! Toot!

"Oh, Edwin, someone is raising a window in that farmhouse. Gracious, h-he has a gun!"

"Don't worry. Watch me jolly him along. Heigho, there, Brother Ryetop, how's corn?"

"Who be yeou?"



NO TENDER TOUCH THERE.

"What is the matter, Montmorenci? You look cast down to-day."

"I am, me friend, I am. Fifi here pretends she loves me, and paints me portrait as you see beside you. Could loving hands do work like that?"

"Why, I'm Colonel Cannon of the horse marines. Call off your dog, old man. Ta, ta!"

"How could you make fun of that poor old man, Edwin?"

"Why, if I had n't kept up the conversation he would have fired off that fowling-piece."

Toot! Toot! Toot!

"What was that?"

"Nothing but a rabbit, Hilda."

"It looked like a cow to me. Do you see anything of father?"

"No; he has n't turned the bend yet."

"Edwin, are you quite sure that everything will turn out happy? I feel just the least bit nervous."

"Most assuredly. Listen. Ten miles further is a river. There is no bridge, but I have a man waiting there with a scow big enough to take aboard the automobile. Once on the other side we spin five more miles and then abandon the machine for a train. We'll reach New York about sunrise and then catch an express for Montreal. Up there among the snug hills of old Canada we'll—"

"Heavens! What has happened?"

"The gasoline has given out. We are lost!"

"Y-you are not going to let him take m-me home?"

"Never! I defy the world!"

"See, he is coming closer. Oh, fate is cruel, c-cruel!"

"We can only wait for the worst. But your father shall never tear you from my arms while I yet live."

She snuggles closer to him in the motionless machine. Down the road there roars a great touring-car. With blinding lights and hissing steam it draws up on the side of a ditch. There are two occupants, all bundled up in a crimson lap-robe.

"Heigho, my gay elopers!" calls a deep voice.

"You have n't come to take m-me home, have you, father?" tearfully called a voice from the smaller machine.

"Why, of course not. Your mamma and myself have come down to bid you a merry farewell, and, incidentally, to bring you a can of gasoline. Here it is down here in the road. We knew you would run out, and what a chase you gave us. I guess it will be sunrise when we get back, eh, Mamma?"

"Don't doubt it," replied the elderly lady in the touring-car.

"Well, good luck, children! Happy honeymoon and don't forget to write us every day."

Something came flying through the darkness. It was an old shoe. The clumsy touring-car makes a semi-circle in the narrow road and soon the green lights vanish in the distance. The can of gasoline rests placidly in the damp sand. There is a long silence, and then—

"Oh, Edwin!"

"Oh, Hilda!"

Toot! Toot! Toot! Toot!

Victor A. Hermann.

A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN.

"K'ck!" chuckled the Old Codger, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "I sh'u'd judge that here's mention of about the peculiarest critter ever born in captivity! A feller is advertisin' for sale a Jersey cow, givin' 'leven quarts of milk a day, couple of tons of hay, a jump-seat buggy, four hives of bees, and a good second-hand harrow. Pretty unusual sort of a cow I sh'u'd surmise. K'ck!"





ONE OF THE CASES.

HE.—They say he has more money than he knows what to do with.
SHE.—Has he, really! Such ignorance is bliss.

OUT OF DEBT.



AMONG those who testified at a recent revival in a little town in the central part of the state was Dave Peters. Peters had been reached in a revival years before and had remained faithful since that time. In his testimony he said: "I thank the Lord, not that 'I am not like other men,' but that I am not as I, myself, was ten years ago,—a ne'er-do-well, in debt to almost everybody and hopeless. Now I am earning my way, am happy and owe no man a cent."

This was greeted with the regulation chorus of hallelujahs but, over in the Amen Corner, Squire Bates seemed lost in thought and did not join in. After the meeting he met Dave outside and said: "Dave, was your testimony absolutely true? Are you totally out of debt?"

"Yes, sir," said Dave.

"What about that bill for a year's groceries that you ran up with me before you were converted?" asked the squire.

"Why," answered Dave, "that was outlawed years ago."

UPON JULIA'S (LATEST) CLOTHES.

[Mrs. Carter of London is at St. Louis with an exhibit of paper lingerie. She says co'ton and cambric will soon be out of date.]

WHENAS in paper Julia goes
My heart a thousand terrors knows,
And pleasure in her comeliness
Is tempered by a dire distress.
I lurk with oped umbrella by,
And set a watch upon the sky;
At every cloud my heart I gulp
Lest Julia be reduced to pulp
And melt away, as swiftly flows
"That liquefaction of her clothes."

B. I. T.



A MAN easily persuades himself of the sincerity of an affectation which helps him to make an easy living.



A Briton's View of Us.



CLACKING

An Interview with Mr. Waldorf-Castor by PUCK's Special Commissioner, Wilberforce Jenkins.

IT WAS difficult business getting at Mr. Waldorf-Castor and for the first time in my life I realized the significance of the ancient phrase *ad astra per aspera*. Nine times was I repulsed. It seemed that no matter what my excuse for seeking an interview the distinguished visitor to our shores would have none of me, and I may as well confess even now that the gentleman was consistent to the last and swerved not in his denials after my ninth futile attempt. He is not aware, and will not be until this greets his eye, that the tenth endeavor was successful and that Juggins the hair-dresser at the New Waterlands Hotel, who scraped his hyperion chin on Sunday morning last was none other than myself in disguise. Yet such was the case and, while it irks me to think of the menial disguise I was forced to adopt, I am proud of the results, since they enable me to lay before the readers of PUCK something of the nature and views of their lost fellow citizen—the future Lord Waldorf, Earl of Boldt and Baron von Pelt—the last title being in honor of the occupation of his aboriginal ancestor, a famous furrier in primeval times.

"Mornink, sir," I observed as I entered the \$120,000 State Apartment at the Hotel New Waterlands, and found my patient sitting in the \$18,000 Louis Quinze barber's chair awaiting me. "The barber, sir," I added.

His reply was to rub his hand over his chin as an intimation of what he wanted, and to remove his \$38,000 scarf pin from his \$3.50 four-in-hand. It was evident that while I had at last successfully penetrated to his presence it was still up to me to overcome his reticence. A glance out of the window gave me the needed inspiration as to method. The fog was as thick as a Presidential letter of acceptance—regular London weather in fact.

"Very fine di, to-di, sir," I said, lathering his chin and dropping about a spoonful of the suds in the patient's mouth after the manner of British barbers. The effect was electrical. The bored look in the tired eye vanished instantly.

"You are an Englishman?" he cried, swallowing the lather in the joy of his discovery.

"Yes, sir, h'English to the core, sir—from out Seven Dials wi; sir. Born on Tyburn 'Ill, sir. Heddicated for an 'aberdasher, sir, but drifted into barberism, an' Juggins by nime, sir," I replied.

"Thank Heaven for a little of the King's English," murmured the patient. "I—er—I too am a Briton, Juggins."

"Anybody could see that at a glawnce, your Lordship," said I.

"Here is a little scarf-pin I had designed to hand you as a tip, Juggins," said the patient, handing me the \$38,000 trinket he had a moment before placed beyond my reach. "You think I look British, eh?"

"Yes, sir—no mistakin' you, sir," I answered. "It's written all over your face, sir. As I was sayin' to the boots, sir, as you came into the 'otel, sir, there, says I, sir, there's a man as would be took for a h'Englishman even in London, boots, says I, sir."

A tear drop trickled from his eye.

"I was born in this country, Juggins," he sobbed.

"Mere haccident o' birth, sir," said I sympathetically. "Mere haccident o' birth. Same thing constantly happenin' in h'England, sir. Fact is, sir, the ole bloomin' aristocracy of h'England, sir, is made up o' similar haccidents. Parents is so careless at times, sir."

It was evident that my remark was consoling, for my tip of a \$38,000 scarf-pin was added to the extent of a diamond-studded medallion miniature portrait of the Royal Family which Mr. Castor wore in a shagreen leather bag over his heart.

"What are your himpressions of America, any'ow, sir?" I continued.

"Very vulgar, Juggins—very," said he.

"Your himpressions, sir?" I put in.

"No, man, no—America," he retorted. "It's what we in London would call a rum country, Juggins; a very rum country. Its morals are distinctly bourgeoisie; its inhabitants mostly foreigners; its language an abominable mixture of the patois of innumerable peasantries, and its government merely an infernal row indefinitely prolonged. The President, Mr. Alton B. Roosevelt, is something of a gentleman I believe in private life, but such a hooligan in public—my word, but it distresses me beyond measure; and as for the alternative, Dr. Parkhurst of Esopus, who is to succeed him as I understand the situation, hardly rises above the level intellectually of his former office of Justice of the Peace."

"And the money here is so dirty, too, sir; ain't it, sir?" I suggested.

"Indeed, Juggins, it is frightfully so," he replied. "I leave strict orders with my stewards to have all American currency designed for my use sterilized before it is brought to me. Such a contrast to our nice crisp, clean Bank of England notes, which are never circulated among the common people! We have paper and gold for the upper classes, and silver and coppers for the proletariat. It is the only strictly hygienic monetary system; but, of course, there would be a great howl here if the government were to countenance an edition de luxe of its notes even for a minute. As for me, I must confess I can't understand the point of view of a people who rejoice in the fact that its currency is physically debased by contact with the germ-ridden elements of society."

"Quite so," said I. "And, speakin' of society, sir, what do you think of the American h'Aristocracy?"

"The American what, Juggins?"

"H'Aristocracy, sir," said I.

"H'm—ah—well, Juggins, really I have n't met it yet. You don't by any possibility mean—er—Tammany Hall, do you?"

"No, sir," I replied, with a laugh.

"The Newport set, sir."

"Oh—those," said Mr. Castor.

"I have n't heard much about them of late—you see, I don't read the American newspapers. Are they—er—are they married yet, Juggins?"

"Married?" I cried.

"Well—I mean permanently. Juggins—permanently," explained my patient.

"In England we have been considering that question rather seriously of late and the last I heard there was to be a new rule about the presentation of persons claiming American social position, to the effect that any married woman presented must have a certificate from the State Department, stating that unless widowed she has been married at least ten years to the same husband, and intends to remain so for still another ten years. The King is getting tired of having to receive the same lady under five different names in as many seasons."

"I can't say, sir, that I have observed any particular h'improvement in that respect, sir," said I.

"Then do not ask me about my impressions of American Aristocracy until there is such a thing, Juggins; You can found an Aristocracy on blood or pounds sterling, Juggins, but not on the shifting sands of alimony."

"Your Grace has returned here for the purpose of piying your taxes I understand," I ventured.

"As good a reason as any, Juggins," laughed the visitor, "though it is not the real one. The truth is that the London tailors have driven me here for my trousseau. One of my children is shortly to be married, you know."

"Your trousseau? Can't you get what you want in dear old London?"

"No," said Mr. Waldorf-Castor.

"The fact is, Juggins, of late years British tailors have begun to make clothes that fit."

"Ah—I see."

"So to preserve the dignified exterior of your true English gentleman whose clothes never fit—"

"Yes?"

"I have come to New York to get

them. It is the one respect in which America seems to have attained to the highest degree of civilization. Your Fifth Avenue tailor has preserved an Art which I regret to say our London snips have allowed to become a lost one."

"Well," said I, as I put the finishing touches to his face, "Nobody would take you for an American, clothes or no clothes. You are 'all marked, sir."

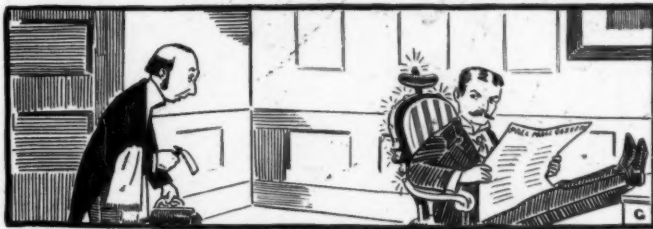
"Thank you, Juggins," said he rising. "In appreciation of your compliment, here is a thousand pounds for the shave, and the title deeds to my next hotel as an extra honorarium. Moreover I will say that you also are equally stamped the Briton."

"Thanky, sir," said I gratefully.

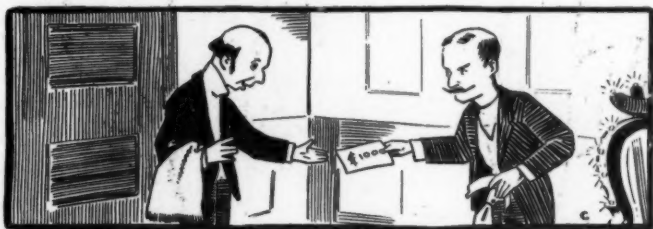
"It is true you talk through your nose like an American Senator, but the shave you have given me is intrinsic evidence of your British extraction. You have n't left a bit of skin on any part of my face. Good morning, and good luck to you, Juggins."

With which gracious farewell I passed out.

I would say in conclusion that I wish there were more Britons like Mr. Waldorf-Castor. Of course we have a lot of them in this country, but they don't live abroad.



"Mornink, sir," I observed.



"Here is a thousand pounds."





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BALLADE OF ONE VIRTUE AND A THOUSAND CRIMES.



LEAVE — or shall — "a name to other times"
(At some slight sacrifice of modesty)
"Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes,"
Like that of Byron's Terror of the Sea.
Yet, buried in abysmal infamy,
By almost every sin poetic stained,
Still may I lift my head — of one fault free:
Never have I the Sonnet form profaned.

In common with a host of scribbling mimes,
Poetic "license" I've spelt "anarchy";
I've smashed all rules (here goes one!) forty times,
And have, with pert and flippant parody,
Murdered the classics in a "ghoulish glee."
Few are the misdemeanors I've disdained.
And yet — this stiffens up my vertebrae —
Never have I the Sonnet form profaned.

That form, which genius heaven-born sublimes
And less than genius beggars, reverently
I have exempted from my foolish rhymes:
For that at least I may not penance dree.
"Oh, my offence is rank," as you 'll agree;
Yet grant me this one virtue — I've refrained
From writing Sonnets. Heaven my witness be,
Never have I the Sonnet form profaned.

Apollo, lord, when in thy chancery
My many crimes are cried, and I arraigned
With other doggerel bards, be this my plea:
Never have I the Sonnet form profaned.

A FABLE.

WHAT is this Clamorous Concatenation?

Oh, that is the newly-organized Order, the Militant Daughters of Hum Hum, whose Ostensible Object is the Social Ostracism of Divorcees, the Wearers of Decollete Gowns, Women Gamblers, (No! no! I did not say Gabblers!) Lady Tipplers, and so forth.

So, that is their Purpose?
No, indeed! That is, as I have just said, their Ostensible Object. Their Real Purpose is to get their Names in the Papers.

The Moral of this Moral Uprising is that Aggressive Originality is the Price of Publicity.

HOW HE KEPT AFLOAT.

"NOTHING like presence of mind in the face of great danger," grimly remarked the man who had fallen from the excursion boat and had been rescued with little difficulty. "I'll bet there were more than ten life-preservers hurled at me by as many idiots, but, thank heaven, I had sense enough not to grab any of them!"



SOUND ADVICE.

RUPERT (sighing). — I think of her every minute.

HAROLD. — Try thinking of her every second, old chap — second thoughts are usually the safest.

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For a bitter blow prepare.

Daph, your neo-Pagan friend,

Carman (Bliss) has cut his hair!

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IN COMMON with several esteemed contemporaries that have opened up prize contests to the short story-writing talent of America, we find ourselves in an unexpected position. We have received fifteen tons of manuscripts, none of which is worth printing — certainly not worth the generous prize of One Million Dollars which we have offered. We can account for the singular dearth of worthy manuscripts in only one way: the people who *can* write stories do not engage in prize contests, and for the most part do not know they are going on. To our esteemed contemporaries who must pay over prize money for manuscripts which, in the regular course of business, they would decline with thanks, we tender our commiseration. Fortunately we reserved the right to reject any and all manuscripts. That lets us out nicely.

Bert Leston Taylor.



UNMADE HISTORY.

"I APPROACHED the problem from the other direction," explained the inventor of the aerial locomotion. "Instead of trying to construct broader wings, I increased the sustaining power of the air by the infusion of heavy gases."

"But these are noxious gases!"

"They were. People soon got used to them; the millions that were suffocated meanwhile could easily be counted on the fingers of two hands."

"The gain?"

"Enormous! A business man can go from New York to Chicago in one hour, where it formerly took twenty-four hours."

REAL MEAN.

MRS. RYAN. — Me daughter Julia do be gittin' on wonderful wid her pianny playin'. She 's goin' t' take pupils, nixt month.

MRS. MURPHY (her next-door neighbor). — Glory be! An' have she fixed the S. P. C. C.?

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We creep before we walk and walk before we fly, and no one without standing runs up bills.



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THE wife of the governor of North Borneo, says the Washington *Post*, has a rhinoceros for a pet. Name is probably Fido.

WILSON WHISKEY THAT'S ALL!

Now see here, Judge, just because you are addressing Editors you need n't think you can handle the English language without gloves. To split an infinitive is bad enough but when you draw and quarter it we must cry halt. When you say that "the part of leadership is to know the right, to honestly, patriotically, fearlessly and zealously advocate it," your sentiments are admirable but the Esopus Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Infinitives should have you indicted. Your fight, sir, is against Theodore Roosevelt, not Lindley Murray.

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MR. JONES.—So I was talking in my sleep last night—that's funny.
I was dreaming of your mother, too.
MRS. JONES.—What of it?
MR. JONES.—Why, I don't see how I got a chance to say a word.



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PUCK

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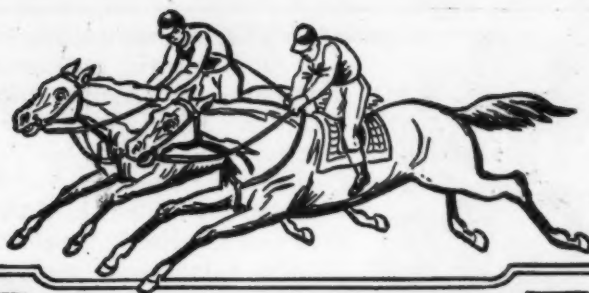
Subscriptions for the balance of 1904 and for 1905 will be
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Commencing January 1st, 1905, the subscription price will be
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SOME CLEVER chap, whose name is
not given, is reported to have invented
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WEARY CAMPAIGN Orators will be
glad to hear that a genius of the name
of Weaver has devised a "two wheel
tongue support." Whether this is the
Weaver who once spouted for the Presi-
dency on the Pop ticket is not stated.

B. W. STEWART of Maine has pat-
ented a portable Cabinet. We under-
stand this is designed to relieve Mr.
Roosevelt of the inconvenience of
carrying his present rather heavy one
around with him when he goes from
Washington to Oyster Bay via the
Yellowstone Park.

**Substitutes for
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illumination of the grounds, every foot be-
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PATENT OFFICE NOTES.

AMONG THE new inventions registered at the Patent Office is an "Air Cooling
Apparatus." We recommend this to the Editor of our sparkling contem-
porary *Everybody's Magazine*. It may come in useful in handling Mr. Lawson's
articles on Frazzled Finance.

A MUD GUARD for automobiles is one of the latest novelties announced.
What is more greatly needed is a rotten apple guard and a flatiron fender for
use in the submerged districts.

PATENT NUMBER 768643 is a "Collapsible Chair." It is expected that
school boys will buy these in large numbers as Christmas presents for their
teachers if they can be got ready in time.



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HIS SPHERE.

FRIEND.—Do you never take a vacation, doctor?

DOCTOR.—Very seldom. I'm kept busy all summer doctoring people who have been taking vacations.

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill that "tired feeling."

PATENT OFFICE NOTES.

A NEW YORK MAN has invented an Electric Controller. We think this might prove a decided improvement on Grout.

A CHICAGO man has taken out a patent on a new-fangled bread-basket. Whether this is for the use of bakers or dyspeptics the specifications fail to specify.

AMONG THE new things invented for the coming winter is a coasting device. We are glad to hear it, but we doubt if anything can beat the old time combination of a bob-sled, a steep hill, a girl and a strong arm to hold her on with.

MR. G. H. CHANDLER of somewhere has invented a non-refillable bottle which he hopes to place on the market. What the Evangelical Saloon people want is a non-emptiable flask—a sort of storage reservoir for perpetual emotion, as it were.

Autumn is here in earnest. How long is it since you lost your Summer tan?



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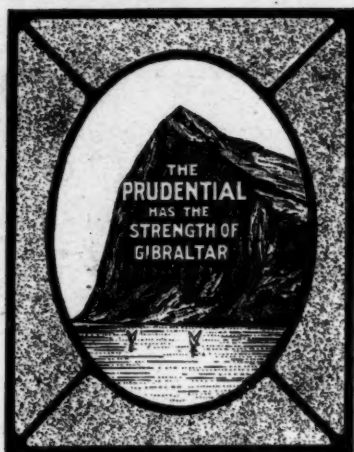
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AS TO MUSCULAR THOUGHTS.

ACCORDING to no less an authority than the director of the Yale gymnasium, it is possible to "think" ourselves strong. This does not mean an exaggerated egotism as to one's physical powers, but the substitution of thought for bodily exercise, with bulging muscles as the end in view. Assuredly, it is an attractive notion. And for all who have hitherto found exercise a bore, it should prove a veritable boon. No correspondence course in physical culture can ever hope to do for a man what, by means of good, concentrated thinking, he can do for himself. Take morning exercise, for instance. Snugly lolling in bed, we may think ourselves under a stimulating shower, think ourselves out on the bath-mat, and rub ourselves into a roseate glow merely by thinking of a Turkish towel. Or, if we be specially ambitious and can readily spare the time before breakfast, we may devote five minutes each to dumb bells and Indian clubs, thinking as hard as we can the while and standing, in our mind, well out in the middle of the room, so as to avoid the thought of breaking anything. The advantage of the system in all modern movements, such as touching the lobe of the right ear with the heel of the left foot, lowering the chin to the floor and waving the neck, will at once be seen and joyously hailed. "He thinks himself the strongest man," may yet be said of some one on the posters of vaudeville.

ODELL

Congratulations, Mr. Higgins, but that's a mighty unfortunate tag!

In addition to the usual features the October number of PUCK'S QUARTERLY contains a reprint of the celebrated poem

"WALK, — YOU, WALK!"

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TOO BIG A JOB.

THE LOCUST.—No wonder the Red Ant got caught.

THE SPIDER.—Why, what did he do?

THE LOCUST.—He tried to forge the Elephant's name.

PUCKERINGS.

OF COURSE Mr. Odell was not for Woodruff. He is permanent Chief Magistrate, not Governor Pro Tim.

SPEAKING of railroad influences at the White House, a fashion item describing the costumes worn by one of the ladies of the Executive mansion asserts that "even her wrappers have trains." Whether express or accommodation is not revealed.

A WRITER in the Republican New York Press observes that he has "never seen a workingman who showed the slightest respect for labor." This is the same journal that alleges that "Judge Parker has no convictions." Is the New York Press edited in a blind asylum?

CAMPAIGN FACTS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1904

is the title of the latest folder issued by THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of America. The literature issued by THE PRUDENTIAL has a reputation for timeliness and novelty, and this folder is no exception to the rule. It is gotten up in attractive, convenient shape. It contains excellent half-tone portraits and short biographical sketches of the Republican and Democratic candidates, with the names and addresses of the members of the National Committees. Considerable statistical information is also included, such as the popular and electoral votes of the Bryan-McKinley election of 1900, information of the party division of the last session of Congress, the result of each Presidential campaign, and names of nominees of every party since 1860. An interesting feature is the number of electoral votes to be credited to each State under the apportionment act of 1901.

Those who secure a copy of this folder will find it an exceedingly useful document between now and November 8th, and on election night it can be used to fill in the electoral vote by States in blank spaces provided for that purpose.

The Company has arranged to distribute one-half million of these pamphlets and will send one to any person communicating with the Home Office of THE PRUDENTIAL, at Newark, N. J.

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